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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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## "Enriched with Copious Notes."

What would the ancient Romans and Greeks think if they could read some of the "notes" with which our classic literature is "enriched?" The conflicting interpretations of passages, which to them must have been as plain as daylight—the learned dissertations on the form and contractions of words, presenting no more difficulty to them than our colloquial "can't" and "won't," for *cannot* and *will not*, do to us—the extraordinary shapes ascribed to their military and naval equipments—their arms and even domestic utensils—the outrageous conjectures concerning their mode of life. Would not these raise rather a loud smile upon some of their classic features?

Let us launch ourselves into the abyss of futurity, and imagine ourselves arrived at the time when the language we now speak shall have become surrounded by the halo of antiquity. It will not, of course, be called "English"—it will be called the "Ancient American Language," on account of the important part that America is destined to play in history. It will be a venerable language too, because the Declaration of Independence was written in it, and will form a part of the regular study in the universities of that future day. We may fancy some learned professor trying to account for the terrible mix-up of dialects to be found in the works of Dickens, and writing dissertations to show that Carlyle must have been cotemporary with Shakspeare. The songs we now sing for evening pastime will then be "Odes," and their translation will be the painful morning task of the school-boys of coming years. Imagine "Kathleen Mavourneen," with notes by Dr. Fudge:

Kathleen Mavourneen, (1), the grey (2) dawn is breaking, (3)  
(4) The 'orn (5) of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill, (6)  
The lark (7) from her light wing the bright dew (8) is shaking,  
Kathleen Mavourneen! what! slumbering still! (9)

## NOTES.

(1) *Mavourneen*.—The ancient Americans appear always to have had two names—sometimes more. The last name was the family name, and was seldom mentioned in lyric poetry. This is a remarkable instance of the contrary. The *gens Mavourneen* was quite a distinguished one among the ancients.

(2) *Grey*.—It has long been a subject of dispute what color was denoted by this word "*grey*." From the constant occurrence of the epithet "*rosy*" applied to the dawn, we should imagine that the two terms were synonymous, "*grey*" being used instead of "*rosy*" for the sake of the metre. Now "*rosy*," it is well known, signifies the color of the rose, or red. "*Grey*," therefore, undoubtedly means red. Professor Flinders (absurdly enough) imagines that grey signifies the dull, dingy color sometimes observed in the morning sky, and instances the "honor due to grey hairs" so frequently met with in classic authors. He thinks that "grey hair" indicates the hair of old age. This is a lamentable error. The ancient Americans were not particularly respectful to old age, but we all know their extreme fondness for red hair.

(3) *Breaking*.—"To break" is properly a transitive verb. Hence, we naturally ask "what does the dawn break?" To some, this passage has presented considerable difficulty, but we think it is easily disposed of. The dawn, of course, *breaks the monotony* that would ensue were the continuance of night perpetual.

(4) "*The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill*."—In the common version this line is given: "*The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill*," but as the erudite and sagacious Gammon justly observes, the constant recurrence of the aspirate resembles the panting and puffing of a steam engine, and sadly mars the harmony of the poem. We have thought proper to substitute the *spiritus lenis* of

the cockney dialect, so much used by Dickens, and which was the vernacular of the inhabitants of London, a celebrated eastern colony of the ancient Americans. This reading is supported by one or two manuscripts, and is undoubtedly the original one.

(5) *'Orn.*—The ancient American hunters used to carry their powder in *'orns*, or *horns*, as the common edition has it. How these "*horns*" could be *heard* does not at first seem evident, but when we reflect on the careless habits of our ancestors, and particularly their practice of smoking cigars while loading their guns, it is not surprising that explosions of the powder should frequently have happened, so often indeed as to have been ordinary matutinal occurrences. Now the explosion of a powder horn would undoubtedly have been audible to a considerable distance, and although the hypothesis is rather frightful to those who attempt to realize the actual social condition of the ancient Americans, yet it throws a very satisfactory light upon an otherwise obscure passage, and is therefore valuable to the classical scholar.

(6) *'Ill.*—Flinders thinks this word should be *hill*, an eminence, but in view of a preceding hypothesis (see note 5 *supra*) we should rather take it to mean "*ill*"—evil—"to *kakon*," as the Greeks say: a severe reflection on the evil habit of loading guns while smoking cigars.

(7) *Lark.*—Whether this is the name of a real bird, or whether the word "*wing*" which occurs in the same line is entirely figurative, is a very doubtful question. Dr. Bargy supports the bird theory, and claims that it is the same bird as the phoenix or jacksnipe. On the use of the word "*lark*" in the sense of "*frolic*," see Lively "On Ancient American Amusements."

(8) *Dew.*—This is properly the subject of the sentence, the prose order of the words being: "*The bright dew is shaking the lark from her light wing.*" That is, the heavy dews falling on the bird's wing cause it to tremble in its flight. We must admit that the hyperbole is a little strained, particularly if the bird theory (see note, *supra*) be correct. Professor Damper, however, has shown that in former times dew always fell in the morning, and was much heavier than at present.

(9) *Still.*—The "*still*" was an instrument used in the manufacture of whiskey, a beverage to the use of which the ancient Americans were very much addicted. The exclamation "*what!*" indicates the surprise of the speaker at finding the "*still*" slumbering,—that is, unemployed,—the

necessities of social life usually keeping the "*still*" going day and night. The person addressed in the song, viz.: "*Kathleen Mavourneen*," was probably a hotel keeper who made his own whiskey. Regarding the form of the ancient "*still*" but little is known, except that there were worms in it. That these were common earth worms is hardly credible, although the celebrated Diet of Worms shows that even they were extensively eaten by our ancestors. Something more like the *vermicelli* of the Italians was probably the worm of the "*still*." Professor Flinders here again makes an egregious blunder. He confounds this word with the adverb "*still*," and makes it simply modify *slumbering*, which again he refers to "*Kathleen Mavourneen*," and reaches the climax of absurdity by attributing the feminine gender to the latter! Think of a delicate female slumbering peacefully in the midst of diabolical explosions such as are hinted at in the second line of this remarkable poem! We are sorry that no more than this fragment remains to us, for we are sure that the context would utterly confute the ridiculous conjectures of men like Flinders. S.

### Welcome, bright Snow.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Come down, glorious white-winged snow,  
Come from the silent cloud,  
And whisper of peace to the air as you go,  
Of humility speak to the proud!

Cover the dark and the desolate plain  
With beauty resplendent and fair,  
Like charity sweetly transmuting the stain  
Of sin by the force of her prayer.

Come to the garden and softly unfold  
The embryo buds now at rest,  
Asleep 'neath the sward: Shield their life from the cold  
As the bird warms the young in her nest.

Come to the surface of lake and of pond,  
That the skater as onward he glides,  
May trace graceful figures, like fay with her wand,  
While the dainty-white crust he divides.

Carpets of velvety elegance throw  
On the line of the cold dusky road,  
That sleighs all joy-laden may merrily go  
On their errands of pleasure abroad.

O, glorious white-winged snow descend  
To tell of the gentle and pure,  
To whisper of days when the winter shall end,  
And of summer to always endure.

Come down, beautiful white-winged snow,  
Come from the silent sky,  
To whisper of peace to the air as you go,  
And of grace sent to earth from on high.

### Death of Rev. James Dillon.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Faculty of Notre Dame on receipt of the sad news announcing the death of the Rev. James Dillon:

*Resolved*, That it is with feelings of sincere regret that we have learned the loss we have sustained in the death of Rev. Father James Dillon, so long an officer of our University and a firm friend to us all. In him the Catholic Church of the United States has lost a talented and amiable priest, his own family an affectionate son and brother, and the world, a man of true literary taste and culture. All that Rev. Father James Dillon has been, and might still have been, none know better than ourselves. In the various responsible offices which he has so ably filled in the midst of us, we have seen the noble talents given him by Divine Providence, displayed in ways that have justly earned for him our heartfelt affection, admiration and esteem.

*Resolved*, That we do hereby present our respectful condolences to the mother and relatives of the deceased, Rev. Father James Dillon, and beg to state that we deeply sympathize with them. The prayers that he would have offered for them as a priest on earth, will now be offered as a saint in heaven; and if it has pleased Divine Providence to remove consolation from their eyes, in no longer permitting them to behold him engaged in the sacred offices of our august religion, may that same consolation be restored in even fuller measure to their hearts, in the assurance of the everlasting bliss to be enjoyed by him in the Beatific Vision.

*Further Resolved*, That we do attend the funeral of the deceased, Rev. Father James Dillon, in a body, as a last public testimony of the respect and esteem which we shall always bear towards him in the inmost recesses of our hearts.

J. A. LYONS, }  
L. G. TONG, } *Committee.*  
A. J. STACE, }

A little mistake crept into the programme of the last exhibition without the timely knowledge of the member of the Faculty to whom the play is ascribed. It is only justice on his part to say that he merely wrote the *plot* of the play "If I Were a King," and for it he claims none of the merit justly due to the talented lady, Mrs. E. M. Guthrie, who gave it its beautiful shape.

A. L.

### Music.

Whoever adds to the rational enjoyment of his fellow men, is a valuable member of society and a benefactor of his race. And however few be the persons thus benefited, or however transient be the pleasurable emotions thus procured, such a beneficent man certainly deserves the warm acknowledgments and gratitude of mankind in general, and of the persons whose modicum of earthly happiness he increases, in particular.

But what can be more conducive to pure intellectual delight than a correct and intelligent rendition of the sublime and immortal works of those great and profound religious men—musicians not of one country or generation only, but of the whole civilized world, and of all time to come—Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Rossini, Palestrina, Cherubini, Liszt? What is better calculated to elevate and refine the mind, and lead the soul to devotion, than *true* religious music, feelingly and learnedly executed? For our part, we find in it the source of ever renewed pleasure and the sweetest incentive to piety and recollection of mind. We beg, therefore, to fully endorse the following testimonies given in favor of music:

"The words that bear a mission high,  
If music hallowed, never die!"—*S. P. Hale.*

"By what strange spell  
Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,  
I dream of music?"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
..... softens every pain!"—*Armstrong.*

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!  
He need not woo the muse; he is her scorn;  
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;  
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,  
And delve for life in mammon's dirty mine!"—*Beattie.*

Indeed, we would do violence to our own feelings, were we not, thus publicly, to proclaim the efficiency and excellence of the Choir and Orchestra of Notre Dame, and to manifest the satisfaction and pleasure we invariably experience whenever it is our good fortune to be present at their performances.

We desire, therefore, in our own name and in the name of every lover of good *orthodox* music, to tender our heartfelt thanks to the modest, indefatigable and eminent leader of both Choir and Orchestra—Prof. Max Girac. Our sincere gratitude is also due to the very able and excellent Brothers who take the leading parts in them; to those devoted and efficient Professors of the college who always generously lend their aid in heightening the solemnity of our oft-recurring

religious, civic and academic festivities; and likewise to our good little Juniors, and their excellent elder brothers, the Seniors, who so willingly take part in them. The presence in the Orchestra of two diminutive little Juniors—Joseph Rumely and Benjamin Heffernan—one as a violinist, and the other as a flutist,—is really a lovely sight; whilst, in the Choir, Master Vincent Hackmann, a boy hardly yet in his teens, carries off indisputably the palm as a singer and a musician. The sweetness, flexibility and volume of his well-trained voice are truly very remarkable; and the solidity, accuracy and taste he exhibits in the solos, deserve great praise.

Thanks, many thanks, then, to our brilliant Choir and grand Orchestra. May the exquisite strains of their voices and instruments long resound at Notre Dame for the glory of God, the giver and perfecter of every good gift, and for the enjoyment of all its appreciative inmates.

J. C. C.

### Cæcilianides.

By the Author of "EXCELSIOR," and "STORIES FOR THE YOUNG."

Woodland muse of Hiawatha,  
Gentle sprite of Minnehaha,  
Tell to me the dancing numbers  
Once ye told to Henry Wadsworth,  
That I too may sing my story,  
Sing the glorious ST. CECILIANS,  
Sing their PHILOMATHEAN UNION.  
How their President-Professor,  
Kindly JOSEPH ALOYSIUS,  
Ever sought the choicer spirits  
That approached Our Lady's College;  
Year by year, he sought and won them,  
Whence he formed this choral union,  
Formed this choral band of brothers.

In the dreamy, rich November,  
In the slumbrous Indian Summer,  
On the day of sweet Cecilia,  
In the year of eight and fifty,  
Well the time we all remember,  
When the art of soft according  
Drew this goodly troop together,  
When they chose the blest Musician,  
Sweetest patron, gifted, lovely,  
Queen of harmony, to guide them  
Through the maze of heavenly numbers,

There stood *Healy*, upright, manly;  
*Hibbard*, generous; *Hatch*, the kindly;  
*Nirdlinger*, the princely, stood there;  
*Kennedy*, the good, who listens  
Now to rapt Cecilia's organ;  
*Cook*, the Douglas; *Butters*, courteous;  
*Wallin*, warm heart; *Mukautz*, shrewdest;  
*Mayers*, good-hearted; *Sidley*, gentle;  
*Daily*, staid; *Labarthe*, the polished;  
*Carlin*, comic; *Dunbar*, roguish;  
*Ewing*, questioner; *Brelsford*, serious;  
*Horace*, easy; *Haldorn*, heyday;

*Marks*, keen-eyed, *Mqurice* romantic;  
*Beakey*, worthy; *Edwards*, graceful;  
*Bracken*, good sense; *Dillon*, handsome;  
*English*, bright thought; *Whyte*, sedatest;  
*Foot*, and *Flanagan*, the leaders;  
Black-eyed *Braunstein*; wise *O'Connell*;  
*King*, the regal; *Guthrie*, thoughtful;  
*Graham*, gracious; *Stace*, reliant;  
*Otis*, clear voice; bloom, *O'Reilly*;  
Moving *Walker*; planning *Skelly*;  
*Ryan*, onward; *Carr*, rejoicing;  
*Dwyer*, doer; *Staley*, stately;  
*Arch McCarty*; cheerful *Reynolds*;  
Ah! *McHugh*; rare *Mahoney*, too;  
*Sterling Wile*; deep-witted *Willson*;  
*O'Neill*, *Coppinger*, good natured;  
*Hackmann*, sweet voice; *Dixon*, eager;  
*Dooley*, daring; *Freeman*, far sight;  
*Wetherbee*, *McCartney*, joyous;  
*Willson*, James, and *Burdell*, bright ones;  
*Tullant*, kind; *O'Connell*, artful;  
*Clarke* and *Nicholas*, the zealous;  
*Kane* and *Deehan*, open-hearted;  
*Cochrane*, *Arrington* and *Hutchings*;  
*Heffernan* and *Redfield*, soaring;  
*Hemsteger*, *Mulhall*, the peerless,—  
Peerless all with countless others,  
Brethren of the mystic twining  
In the sweet Cecilian union.

St. Cecilia, Philomathean,  
Field Band famous, Corps dramatic:  
Music sang they, music played they,  
Music fied they; music drummed they,  
Hymns recited, read addresses,  
Plays enacted, plaudits rousing;  
On the stage and in the city  
Winning fame and winning honor;  
Serenading, in processions,  
Ever flashed their martial colors,  
Ever first were borne their banners,  
Ever welcome was their presence,  
Ever hearty, warm, their greeting;  
And their President-Professor  
Ever felt his warm heart beating  
While he listened to their praises.

Now their honors still are greenest,  
Still their banners proudly waving;  
Ever, ever thus remain they,  
Ever glow their leader's bosom,  
Ever beam his eyes of gladness,  
As he listens to their praises,  
While the sun shall gild the heavens,  
While the Moon shall roll in beauty,  
While the stars on high shall sparkle,  
And the earth in summer blossom.

Then when, one by one, they leave us,  
To assume their honored places,  
In the world's victorious battle,  
In the quiet shades of living,  
In the holy realms of thinking,  
On the sacred paths of duty,  
May they never yet forget us,  
Ne'er forget Our Lady's College,  
Ne'er, the Juniors' charming study,  
With its greenery and canaries,  
Ne'er, their hall, the Washingtonian,  
Decked with beauty by the artist,  
Generous artist, gifted CARLOS,  
Ne'er forget their charming union,  
St. Cecilia Philomathean.

And when life, bright life, is over,  
 When the earth no more is gilded,  
 When their days have sought the sunset,  
 May they join again in union,  
 Join once more in heavenly union,  
 Where their patroness shall greet them,  
 Greet them in their blessed dwelling,  
 Where they ever more may wander,  
 In the gladness of the spirit,  
 Rapt in love of God and Heaven;  
 Where they ever more may listen  
 To the voice of praise and gladness,  
 To the melody enchanting  
 Holding all that happy household,  
 Ever welling, welling, welling,  
 Through the myriad joys of Heaven;  
 As with rapturous tones shall tremble  
 Saint Cecilia's angel organ.

### **Exhibition of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.**

The Exhibition generally given about this time of year by the above named Society took place on the 15th, in Washington Hall. As the sleighing is now pretty good, a large number of visitors from South Bend and the neighborhood were present. Our music, as usual, was supplied in generous quantity and quality by the combined efforts of the Band and Orchestra. The Band has several new marches and several new airs. Their "Carry me back" carried us back to old times—though not to Old Virginia's shore. When we are carried to the burying ground we hope the Band will play at our funeral, with muffled drums. If we only thought it would, we should die happy. The Orchestral performances were also remarkably fine. There are so many violins in it now, of different shapes and sizes, that it takes a long time to get them all going, but when they *do* get going, then look out for squalls.

On entering the hall a gentlemanly young gentleman of gentlemanly deportment handed us a programme. He wore a red, white and blue rosette over his heart, and the programme was red, white and blue, too, and had a portrait of Washington on one page, and an excited youth scaling the Alps on another. All this was symbolical of the patriotism which characterizes the St. Cecilia Philomatheans—likewise the American Eagle on the back page.

The address of the evening, as per programme, was read in a clear and sonorous voice by Master John W. Coppinger, of Alton, Illinois, in terms like these:

#### **ORATION FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.**

*Rev. Fathers and Friends*:—On the festival of our Society I come before you to say a few words concerning our holy Patroness and the Association we have formed in her honor. The very name of St. Cecilia recalls to every christian heart the harmonious strains of sacred music; under her auspices, as it were, our hearts become harps, with the chords vibrating to the praises of our Creator.

It may not be amiss, on this occasion, to recall to your mind the legend of the Saint, and the circumstances which constituted her patroness of christian music: The imperial tyrant of Rome had issued an edict (the prelude to edicts still bloodier), forbidding christians to assemble to sing the divine praises. His spies kept watch on every street for any harmonious mingling of voices, or of musical instruments that might betray such assemblies; and whenever such sounds were heard they were ready to break in and carry out the tyrannical orders of their blood-thirsty master. St. Cecilia, a noble Roman lady of that period, contrived an instrument to outwit these spies; it combined within itself the harmonies and the excellencies of all other instruments, and even of the human voice; it sounded like the concord of many, engaged in a musical concert.

This instrument was the sublime and majestic organ, the king of all instruments, which now has found its place in christian churches throughout the world. The spies heard what they supposed to be the union of many voices in solemn and harmonious chorus. They broke into Cecilia's home, to dissolve what they thought would prove to be a christian assembly, but, to their surprise and dismay, found no one but Cecilia, alone, playing on her organ.

After this they gave up all hopes of detecting the forbidden assemblies, and christians met undisturbed to engage in divine worship, accompanied by the notes of the wonderful and newly invented instrument. St. Cecilia's name was remembered in gratitude after her glorious martyrdom, and she was ever after invoked as the patroness of sacred harmony.

St. Cecilia was chosen patroness of the Philomathean Society at a time when music formed a more prominent part of our exercises than it does now. Many of my hearers remember the Field Band, with its gay Zouave uniform and sonorous instruments, in the golden days of yore.

Those days have passed. Eloquence—another form of vocal culture—has been made the principal exercise of the Association; but we still claim St. Cecilia as our patroness, and believe that her intercession obtains many blessings for the Society instituted in her honor.

We hope that our name of Philomathean is as appropriate now as ever; we are lovers of learning, although the present amount of learning in our possession may be but small. We are endeavoring day after day to increase our stock, and find the truth of the proverb: *Amor sapientia crescit quantum ipsa scientia creavit*; so that our name becomes daily more and more expressive of our feelings. Under the direction of our superiors, the President and Vice-President of our University, the director of our Society, and our various professors and prefects, we are forming those tastes and pursuing those studies which will fit us for the sphere of society in which we are destined to move. Some of us may become zealous missionaries of the Gospel, to lead mankind to their heavenly home; others as physicians may devote themselves to the cure of the ills with which this present life abounds; others again may become learned in the law, and apply themselves to the administration of justice, and the exercise of those powers which Providence has conferred upon secular magistrates for the good order and well-being of society; others may become men of scientific enterprise, exploring new countries and facilitating emigration, or may engage in public works, as civil engineers; others may serve their country in the camp and tented field, or plough the briny main under her flag. In fine, a large number may find their vocation among the busy marts of trade, and the active employments of a mercantile life. For all these pursuits an education is the first requisite, and now is the time to obtain it. Hence the significance of our Philomathean Society, teaching us to love learning whilst we are young, the time most appropriate to its acquisition.

In the ten years during which the Philomathean Society has been established at Notre Dame, changes have occurred by which the early members of the Society, who once thought and spoke of the future as we do now, have found the future actually opened to their daily life, and have realized some one or another of the varied avocations and occupations to which I have just adverted.

We turn over the old records of the Society and

find the names of some who are now enterprising lawyers in the cities of the great West; some who have chosen the sacred ministry, and are preparing for its holy exercises in the sylvan retreat near our University,—and many who have entered the stirring scenes of commercial life. Thus as time shall roll on, the destinies of our Society will become apparent, and others will speak of us from this stage as we now speak of them. Having thus laid before you, and expatiated upon, the names, the claims and the aims of our little Society, we invite your attention to the entertainment we have prepared for the celebration of our festival, and for your amusement and instruction this evening.

Rev. Father, and friends,

We are yours very truly,

THE MEMBERS OF THE  
ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Master V. Hackmann then came forward in company with Master R. Staley, to whom he melodiously remarked that "If he had but a thousand a year," &c., to which Master Staley, also melodiously, made a rejoinder worthy of an older head. Whereupon Master Hackmann expressed himself as being deeply affected by the serious reflections suggested by Master Staley, and both retired amidst loud applause. Master Staley soon reappeared, however, to declaim the ode on St. Cecilia's day. This was the first of a series of declamations. Mr. Wile followed with "Rienzi to the Romans"—very neat and judicious. Mr. Foote gave two declamations, one Latin and the other English, and embellished them both with graceful gestures. Mr. Hackmann then proceeded to "Put on Airs," for which he was highly applauded by the audience, and unanimously requested to put them on again, which he kindly consented to do. Master Burdell then demanded "Toll for the Brave," and Master H. O'Neill undertook to vindicate the Rights of the Indians to the soil. Master Mahony's "Brigade at Fontenoy" was the most spirited piece of the evening, and impressed the audience with the belief that Master Mahony himself would like to have been there when it happened. From what we know of Master Mahony we think he would, too. Some of the following pieces were also very fine, and Master Staley enlivened them with an unexpected vocal effort, which was not in the programme, relating to ocular scintillations and their effect on the human brain, for which he was loudly encored. He appeared again



shortly after with Master Hackmann, to advocate the advantages of "tea and turnout" over dancing all night. However, the warm opposition of Master Hackmann in favor of dancing carried the point.

Then came the Drama. It has been played here once before, and some of our readers have no doubt witnessed the former representation. The parts which pleased us most were those of the King, Mr. Jas. F. Ryan; *Ruisco*, the chief conspirator, Mr. D. J. Wile; *Cecato*, the funny man, Mr. Asa Wetherbee (of course); *Melchiorre*, Mr. F. P. Dwyer; *Stephano*, Mr. P. Cochrane; *Lucio*, Mr. Charles Burdell; and the shepherds—*Silvio*, Mr. V. Hackmann, *Baptista*, Mr. M. Mahony, *Philippo*, Mr. B. Heffernan, and *Marco*, Mr. James Dooley. *Alonzo*, Mr. Rufus H. McCarty, was conspicuous for the brilliancy of his costume, which even among the rival splendors surrounding him was remarkable. *Bozza*, Mr. James Wilson, played his part with feeling; and we must not forget *Banquo*, the cruel man, whose assumed cruelty conflicted so strangely with his natural goodness of heart as to produce a wonderful and comic effect on the audience. The pages and courtiers—*Marini*, Mr. J. Mulhall; *Lino*, Mr. J. D. McHugh; *Verdi*, Mr. G. McCartney; *Guido*, Mr. Henry O'Neill, and *Beppo*, Mr. Francis Nicholas, were very gay and courtier like in their demeanor; and the Spaniard, *Gonsalvo*, Mr. Lawrence Wilson, was as dark and designing as a plotting ambassador ought to be. *Genaro* was done pretty fairly by Master R. Staley, especially in the pathetic places; Master Staley's talents are of the pathetic order. Master Foote, too, who took the part of *Valerio*, can cry almost as naturally as Prof. Griffith himself. The scenery painted for the occasion by Prof. Carl Von Weller, F. R. A., was superb. Mount Vesuvius was just what every lover of volcanoes would desire, and no danger of an eruption, although one old lady was observed snatching up her umbrella and leaving the hall rather hastily.

## PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

Grand Opening March,	N. D. U. Cornet Band
Overture,—(La Dame Blanche),	Orchestra
Address of the Evening,	John W. Coppinger
Song,—(Duet)	Vincent Hackmann and R. Staley
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,—(Dryden)	Robert Staley
Music,	Notre Dame University Cornet Band

SELECTED DECLAMATIONS FROM BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETS  
AND PROSE WRITERS.

Rienzi to the Romans,	D. J. Wile
Lignator parce arbori,—(Woodman spare that tree)	Mark Foote
Ship of State,	
Sing and Chorus,—(Putting on Airs)	V. Hackmann
Toll for the Brave,	Charles Burdell
The Rights of the Indian Defended,	Henry O'Neill

Music,	Notre Dame University Cornet Band
"The Brigade" at Fontenoy	Michael Mahony,
The Seminole's Reply,	John McHugh
Music,	Notre Dame University Cornet Band
The Baron's Last Banquet,	P. J. O'Connell
Press On,	George McCartney
The Sword of Washington,	Joseph Mulhall
Humorous Recitation,	Asa Wetherbee
Duet,	Vincent Hackmann and Robert Staley
Music;—(Pot Pourri),	Orchestra

## PART SECOND.—"IF I WERE A KING."

## A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Composed expressly for the St. Cecilia Society, by a friend, for the purpose of bringing out the elocutionary talent of the Junior Collegiate Department.

## Dramatis Personæ.

Genaro—Shepherd King,	Robert Staley
Ferdinand—King of Naples,	James F. Ryan
Orizzio—Duke of Otranto,	John W. Coppinger
Valerio—Shepherd King's little brother,	Mark Foote
Alberto—Son of King Ferdinand,	William Clark
Ruisco—Cousin of the King, and conspirator,	D. J. Wile
Bozza—Major Domo of the King's Palace,	James Wilson
Giovine—Hermit,	Aloysius Hemsteger
Banquo—Overseer of Shepherds,	P. J. O'Connell
Silvio,	Vincent Hackmann
Baptista,	Michael Mahony
Philippo,	Benj. Heffernan
Cecato,	Asa Wetherbee
Marco,	James Dooley
Gonsalvo—Spanish Ambassador, and Conspirator,	L. F. Wilson
Melchiorre—Courtier,	Franklin P. Dwyer
Alonzo—General of the King's armies,	Rufus H. McCarty
Cesare—General and Traitor,	Zach. Vandever
Marini,	Jos. Mulhall
Doria,	George Redfield
Lino,	Frank Nicholas
Beppo,	John McHugh
Lupo,	Henry O'Neill
Hugo—1st Officer,	G. McCartney
Crescio—2d Officer,	John Kelly
Marzo—Soldier,	Charles Marantette
Royal Usher,	F. Spencer
Stephano—Chief of the Brigands,	James McGuire
Pedro,	Philip Cochrane
Uro,	James Drehan
Lucio,	Charles Hutchings
Serano,	Charles Burdell
Prologue,	Thomas Arrington
	James Wilson

The closing remarks of Rev. Father, Superior were brief but pointed, giving due credit to the young gentlemen who conducted the exhibition, and explaining that it was all done without neglect of class duties, as an amusement of leisure hours.

The numerous and appreciative audience then dispersed to the music of the Band, having spent a very pleasant evening.

The St. Cecilia Philomatheans are in a very flourishing condition at present, and under the able and efficient direction of Prof. Lyons are likely to perpetuate their name to remote futurity. S.

OMISSION.—The following names were omitted through inadvertence in the list of classical students, which appeared in our last issue:

Jacob Eisenman, 2d year; J. P. Sewell, D, 1st Greek, 2d year; H. Murphy, 1st year.

# SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

SAINT MARY'S, DEC. 8th, 1868.

## Table of Honor, Sr.

Misses A. Carmody, C. Davenport, L. Boss, K. Carpenter, E. Smith, A. Mast, L. Barnett, S. Beebe, K. Armstrong, M. La Brash, E. Peiler, P. Smith.

## Honorable Mention.

*Graduating Class* :—Misses L. and L. Tong, E. Longsdorf, K. Livingston, A. Ewing, E. Crouch, F. Hosmer, J. Hynds.

*First Class Sr.* :—Misses A. Cunnea, A. Radin, A. Mulhall, N. Tabor, E. Kirwin, M. Morrill, N. Tracy, J. Dobson, F. Grimes, M. Claffey, E. Ewing, M. Carraher, K. Mukautz, A. Darcy, M. Johnson, M. Alexander, M. Walton, M. Chouteau, L. Lewis, L. McMamanan, C. Bertrand.

*Second Class Sr.* :—C. Davenport, S. Howar, K. Medill, E. Bland, K. Rettig, C. Foote, E. Lindsay, L. English, L. Leoni, N. Leoni, A. Carpenter, N. Thompson, C. Heckman, S. Gleeson, N. Wilder, L. Choutau, K. Carpenter, W. Corby, A. Walker, T. Van Horn, K. Armstrong, L. Corning, L. Chamberlain, B. Gardner, E. Smith.

*Third Class Sr.* :—Misses A. Sturgis, T. Butters, A. Neil, A. Boyles, N. Simmes, H. Higgins, M. Kirkin, M. Shirland, K. Kent, A. Fulwilder, A. Wiley, S. Beebe, T. Stearns, M. La Brash.

*First Preparatory Class* :—Misses A. Maste, A. Lyons, J. Gittings, M. Foote, E. Cooney, M. Lassin, E. Darst, L. Barnett, E. Henry, C. Warner.

*Second Preparatory Class* :—Misses L. Boss, P. P. Smith, A. Minnie, A. Burrige, E. Simms, M. Vanhorn, M. Ninod.

*Third Preparatory Class* :—Misses J. Denney, L. Blaizy, C. Hoerber, M. Clune, A. Mathews, A. Dingers, E. Leiler.

## GERMAN.

*First Class* :—Misses E. Ruger, M. Rumley, N. Simms.

*Second Class* :—Misses L. English, A. Wiley, M. Johnson.

## DRAWING.

Misses L. Lewis, A. Carpenter, A. Alexander, M. Bader, C. Heckman.

## MUSIC.

*Instrumental—Piano—First Class* : Misses E.

Longsdorf, C. Foote, C. Davenport. Second div. —Misses A. Walker, M. Sherland, A. Mulhall. Second Class: Misses C. Heckman, M. Kirwin. Second div. Misses A. Darcy, S. Vanhorn, M. Edwards. Third Class: Misses M. Vanhorn, E. Ewing. Fourth Class: Misses M. Toomey, L. McManman. Second div.—Misses J. Chesebro, H. Higgins. Fifth Class: Misses A. Carmody, H. Sprochnle. Second div.—Misses M. King, R. Joslin. Sixth Class: Misses K. Clune, E. Robson, T. Wilder. Seventh Class: Misses A. Byrnes, A. Clark. Eighth Class: Miss M. Durand. Ninth Class: Miss B. Wilson.

*Harp* :—Miss E. Longsdorf.

*Guitar* :—Miss N. Tabor.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses A. Walker, C. Davenport, A. Mulhall, L. Ingersoll.

## Table of Honor, Jr.

Misses M. Letourneau, L. Wilder, A. Dunlap, M. Bader, A. Boyles, B. Meyers, B. Frensdorf, M. Vaughn, M. McNamarra, L. Thomson, A. Longley.

## Honorable Mention.

*Second Preparatory Class* :—Miss A. Clark.

*Third Preparatory Class* :—Miss N. Robson.

*First Junior Class* :—Misses L. McNamarra, S. Dunbar, J. Walton, F. Taylor, M. Roberts.

*Second Junior Class* :—Misses B. Wilson, B. Henry, M. Reynolds, A. Strieby.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception Very Rev. Bishop Luers visited St. Mary's and gave a highly instructive and interesting sermon on the festival of the day.

After Vespers the following young ladies were received as aspirants in the Society of the Children of Mary: Misses J. Hynds, M. Dillon, J. Dobson, A. Minnick, S. O'Brien, A. Walker, E. Kirwan, M. Kirwan, M. Turberty, M. Sherland, M. Cochrane, M. Clune.

This reception being over, the following Juniors were received in the Society of the Holy Angels: Misses M. Letourneau, L. McNamarra, M. McNamarra, L. Jones, E. Dunbar, M. Durant, M. Roberts, M. Reynolds, B. Wilson, M. Bader.

THE best answer that can be made to the jealous and the envious is to confound them by continuing to do what is right, keeping the even tenor of our way.